

[I Think I Might Just Disappear](#) by [Luddleston](#)

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Summary:

Thanatos is prone to vanishing without warning; Zagreus has long since accepted this as his preferred way to end a conversation.

He's never done it in the bedroom before, though.

I Think I Might Just Disappear

Author's Note:

- For [MurphyAT](#).

Murph: What if. He disappeared. While Zag was inside him.

Me: I'm writing this immediately.

They'd been on the couch when it happened—Thanatos spread out on his front in a messy sprawl, Zagreus leaning over, bracing himself against the arm of the couch so he could fuck Thanatos harder. They'd been building to this all day, ever since Zagreus ran into him in Elysium and Thanatos had kissed him long and deep before letting him go.

Something really had gotten into Thanatos that day. He'd been especially hasty in stripping Zagreus down, like Than couldn't get his hands on him fast enough. Wasn't like Zagreus had any complaints with that, nor with Thanatos asking Zagreus to fuck him for the first time, giving himself up so sweetly for Zagreus, who took his time with something, for once.

Thanatos was pliant under him, his open mouth spilling soft noises of pleasure as Zagreus took him, having long since found an angle that made Than's eyes roll back and his fingers clutch at the cushions. "You feel incredible," Zagreus told him, "and gods, you're beautiful like this. You're lovely when you're mine." He gripped Thanatos' hip harder and rubbed his thumb over the jut of it, well aware that his thrusts were getting a bit uncoordinated because he was *so close*—

That was when Thanatos disappeared.

He vanished in a blink of green light, as usual, and Zagreus pitched forward without Thanatos' weight to push against, blinking in surprise at the blue upholstery which was all that remained in the space where his lover had been.

"What," he remarked aloud, "the hell."

Of course, Than had done this on him before, usually in the middle of the argument, in order to guarantee he'd always have the last word. In the early stages of their relationship, it basically served as a fond goodbye. It had been irritating back then, but it was baffling now. The awkwardness settled in as Zagreus realized he was still bent over like he was fucking, his cock still hard and dripping onto the couch with oil that should have been inside Than—it got weirder the longer he thought about it.

He glanced around the room as though Than might reappear behind him, and all he saw was the tangled pile of their clothing on the floor, red mixed with black.

And then it was just red, because Than's clothes disappeared, too, which made Zagreus jolt, his head spinning. Thanatos had never up and disappeared during sex before—then again, Zagreus had never been on top before, so perhaps he was exceedingly bad at it.

No. He knew what pleasure looked like in Thanatos' eyes. What it sounded like in his throat, what it tasted like on his lips.

Maybe some kind of mortal emergency he'd had to take care of? Something that couldn't wait until they were done? Thanatos *would* be the only being in existence who'd cut lovemaking short for work.

Zagreus pondered long enough that he was no longer hard, and he determined that sitting on the couch wondering what had happened wasn't going to solve anything. Wildly, he considered asking his father for Than's schedule. But that would be met with deep suspicion, and Zagreus really didn't want to bother with the questioning he'd receive.

He dressed hurriedly, not bothering with his armor. He'd go with the easier option, he decided, walking out of his room and down the corridor with purpose, stepping across the line of shades before his father's desk with a curt apology to the one he'd cut off. Heading for the entrance to the West Hall, he poked his head down it for just a moment, as though Thanatos would be waiting in his usual spot.

Empty, of course. Zagreus turned and faced the sleepy-eyed god at the tail end of the line of shades instead.

"Say, Hypnos, if one was trying to find your brother," he said, going for casual and missing it by leagues, "how would he go about doing that, yeah?"

Hypnos looked at him blearily as though Zagreus' appearance had woken him from napping on the job. It probably had. "You mean Thanatos?" he asked, as though there was any possibility Zagreus needed to urgently contact Charon for something.

"Yes, I mean Than."

Hypnos shrugged, the action emphasized by the way he bobbed in midair. "Most people don't go looking for him—Death usually finds you, y'know? You specifically, considering how many times I've seen you walk out of that pool, although I don't think Thanatos has anything to do with that—"

"Hypnos. I must speak with him, really." Zagreus knew this would only serve to reaffirm any suspicions that there was something going on between him and Than, and that would bite him in the ass once Hypnos got gossipy, but for now... "Where is he?"

"I don't know," Hypnos said. "What'd he do, go 'poof' in the middle of an argument or something?"

"Or something."

Hypnos found this deeply amusing, rocking backward in the enormous duvet he wore as a cloak, his curls bouncing as he cackled. "I dunno, maybe die or something?"

"Great. Wonderful. Why do I even try, honestly?"

Zagreus rubbed at the bridge of his nose, sighing deeply as he left Hypnos, and by the time he'd made it back to the hall that led to his room, he'd

determined that he'd battle his way to Elysium and hope to the gods that Thanatos decided to show.

Nyx stopped him on his way, easily reading Zagreus' frustration in everything from the set of his shoulders to the pinch of his brows. She greeted him with the kind of gentleness that was normally enough to soothe whatever had gotten under his skin, but this issue ran a bit deeper than the usual.

"What troubles you?" she asked, and though he was usually honest to a fault with Nyx, *oh, I was fucking Thanatos and he disappeared in the middle of it* didn't quite feel... appropriate.

"Thanatos disappeared on me," he said, carefully avoiding context, "and Hypnos has no clue how to find him. You'd think he'd know."

"He is nigh impossible to track down," Nyx said, and Zagreus heaved another sigh. Of course he was. Nyx thought for a moment, her regal face somber, one forefinger curled at her chin. "Thanatos is much more emotional than most think," she said. "When he was a child, he used to vanish whenever he became too overwhelmed by something, good or bad."

Zagreus remembered that, vaguely. They hadn't gotten into many fights when they were younger, but Thanatos had developed his method of winning arguments early on. "He does it still, yes," he agreed.

"It isn't always on purpose," Nyx said.

"Isn't it? Always seemed pretty purposeful to me."

She smiled at him, resting a cool, steady hand on his shoulder. "I suppose you shall have to ask him, next you meet. I am certain you'll see him again soon."

"Yes, I believe I shall." Zagreus left to pick up his armor, still scattered around his bedroom floor.

He was halfway out the window in the courtyard when a familiar toll of a bell and tinge of green in the air stopped him. Thanatos appeared, not twenty minutes after he'd vanished, haphazardly dressed and looking ruffled in a way Zagreus had never seen. He hadn't put his cloak back on. His hair was still mussed from his head being pressed into the upholstery, and his face was contorted into that pout he got whenever he was particularly embarrassed.

Zagreus pulled himself out of the window-frame, heading across the courtyard and shouting *Than!* over Skelly's incensed declaration that, "you can't just wander in like that, buddy, didn't anybody teach ya' how to knock?"

"He can if he wants," Zagreus said, "Than. Where did you go, I—"

"Zagreus, please." Thanatos looked pained, his arms held rigid at his sides. "Let's have this conversation inside."

"Yeah, you better run!"

"You know what, yeah. Let's."

They didn't have much of a conversation. Hard to do that with someone's tongue in your mouth, after all. Zagreus sank into it, let Thanatos tip his head back and pour everything he had into Zagreus' willing mouth. Thanatos' hands clutched at his neck and the small of his back, pulling Zagreus flush against him, seducing him with a kind of efficiency Thanatos normally didn't display in the bedroom. He stripped Zagreus for the second time in as many hours, and Zagreus went along with it, shrugging off his pauldron, letting Than take him apart.

Thanatos knelt before him, and although Zagreus' body was very interested, his mind was still a few steps behind, wheeling.

"Than." Zagreus put a hand in his hair, not pulling, just holding him still, just as Thanatos started mouthing over his cock through his leggings. "Hold on, would you?"

Thanatos stopped when Zagreus bid him, sitting back on his heels, still bowed before him as though at worship. "Yes, Zagreus?"

Zagreus sat beside him, uncomfortable being the only one standing and leaned his side against Than's. "Why'd you disappear on me, love?"

He felt Thanatos tense up, could see the pinch of his face before Thanatos ducked his head. Zagreus had always thought it was cute when his nose wrinkled like that. He spoke, something too soft for Zagreus to hear.

"I'm sorry, what...?"

"It was," Thanatos repeated, only slightly louder, "not intentional."

So, Nyx had been right, then. "What exactly do you mean?"

"I... you, the way it felt, the things you said, it was... a lot." Thanatos curled in on himself, his arms folded, and Zagreus pressed closer, stroking at his nape, at the soft fuzz where his hair was shortest, his opposite hand tracing the curve of Thanatos' shoulder.

"It's alright, Than. I was... confused, mostly. Honestly, I'm just glad you didn't vanish because I was doing something so poorly you couldn't stand to be beneath me anymore."

"No." There was a gilded tinge to his cheekbones, now. Zagreus bit his lower lip through a grin, the squirming thrill that came with provoking any kind of amorous reaction from Thanatos filling his chest. "You did everything right."

Thanatos was unfolding, opening his posture to Zagreus, his head tipping back so that they could meet eyes. There was still a hint of shyness in the way he looked at Zagreus, but he allowed Zagreus to trace the line of his jaw, to angle him into a kiss, slower this time, but with no less passion.

"Let me try again, love," he said, his mouth brushing Than's as he spoke.

"Please do." Thanatos pulled Zagreus to his feet, the two of them making their stumbling way to the bed, if only because it was closer. "I want to..."

you didn't finish, last time," he added, as he tipped Zagreus backward onto the mattress, stepping back before following after him so that he could strip out of the rest of his clothes, creating a pool of black at his feet.

"Well, we sort of... stopped before either of us could, you know?"

"No." Thanatos peeled Zagreus' leggings down, kissing the curve of his hip.

Zagreus propped himself up on his elbows, trying to get a look at Thanatos' face, but only saw the spill of his hair. "No? You mean, you..."

Than's head lifted, the gold of his flush deepening and spreading to the tips of his ears.

"That's what made you disappear, isn't it?"

Swallowing Zagreus' cock in one steady slide was a guaranteed way to distract him, except when he was faced with the fact that Thanatos had just admitted Zagreus had fucked him into incoherence. He would be out of his head over this for weeks.

Zagreus traced the shell of Thanatos' ear, the hollow of his cheek, fingers fumbling as Thanatos swallowed around him. He couldn't stop his hips from flexing, but Thanatos held him fast, keeping Zagreus from fucking his throat, making Zagreus take his pleasure at Than's pace. "Would it happen again?" he asked. "If I fucked you again, I mean."

Thanatos pulled off to answer, his fingers tracing the wet path his mouth had taken. "It's possible. I—I would avoid it. If I can."

Zagreus passed his thumb over Than's lower lip. "I'm game to try if you are."

Than's eyes were *molten*. "You aren't worried I'll leave you again?"

Zagreus shook his head, unable to hide the grin that tugged at the corners of his lips.

"Oh. You *like* it, don't you?" Thanatos realized, shaking his head. "Of course you do. Does it please you to know that you can make me lose control?" He straddled Zagreus' waist, fingers ever-so-gently following the swell of his chest, the dip of his ribcage, very clearly in control as of the moment.

Zagreus could say nothing but *yes*.

"I won't allow myself to do such a thing again," Thanatos said. He reached behind himself, stroking Zagreus' cock once before sinking down onto him without warning, still slick and open from their earlier round. "I'll not miss the moment you come inside me."

Zagreus cried out, grasping at Than's hips as he started to rock, riding him at a merciless pace and grinning with a confidence he hadn't had when Zagreus had him bent over. Thanatos smiled like he knew he *owned* Zagreus, brimming with the knowledge that both of them wanted each other so desperately they forgot themselves in their desire. Zagreus could stand to see him like this more often.

His hands were ever-moving, feeling over Than's thighs, his abdomen, his ass, wanting to know how all that muscle felt in motion. Thanatos rode him harder the more Zagreus touched him, one of his hands wrapped around his own cock, bringing himself to the edge—

Zagreus sat up, taking Than's face in his hands, pulling him down so that their foreheads pressed together. Than's eyes bore into his as he seated himself fully on Zagreus' cock, those last few inches dragging a shaky breath from both of them.

Than's tongue wet his lower lip and he rolled his hips forward so that he could grind his cock against Zagreus' stomach. "*Zag*—"

"Don't. Go. Anywhere."

"I won't. Kiss me."

Each obeyed the other's command, Zagreus pulling Thanatos into a messy kiss, Thanatos remaining firmly in his lap until both were well and truly sated. Zagreus tipped backward, taking Thanatos with him, and they sprawled out on the bedcovers, still tangled in each other, still kissing with a ferocity unique to young lovers who weren't going to stop at this round.

"You're clinging like I'll vanish again if you stop touching me," Thanatos noted, only able to speak because Zagreus had busied himself kissing Than's neck instead of his mouth.

"Maybe you will," he said, muffling the words against Than's skin.

"I've told you, I won't," Thanatos huffed.

Zagreus hummed, indulging himself in a nuzzle beneath Than's jaw.

"Keep holding me anyway."

"Of course."

Author's Note:

I'm already writing more ThanZag, namely some stuff with chains and just some good ol' fluff. I haven't even reached the part in their romance where Than's not constantly pissed soooooo hopefully this wasn't too inaccurate?

Join me in my yelling about Hades/art about Hades on twitter/tumblr
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